

## Unregistered Magic

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Summary: Hermione Granger had always known there was something different about her, it isn't until she moves to a new town to start over with her mother that she learns just how different. An AU with magic, but no Hogwarts letter.

## Unregistered Magic

### \*\*Chapter 1 " In Wiltshire\*\*

The drive to Wiltshire was depressing. Heavy rain sheeted across the landscape shrouding everything in shades of grey. The dull, muffled drone punctuated by the steady back and forth rhythm of the windscreen wipers. My temple rested against the car window, idly watching my distorted reflection as rain drops vibrated and dribbled down the foggy glass.

"Nearly there honey bunny," my mum sighed softly as she drove. Her fingers clenched and relaxed around the steering wheel and she leaned forward to wipe her sleeve against the foggy windscreen.

It wasn't a long drive, but the distance between the life we were leaving behind in London and the one that awaited us in Amesbury couldn't have felt further apart. I don't think that the enormity of the change settled over me until after the initial adrenaline rush of packing and heading off had faded. As we drove further out of the city the sky had darkened and the rain had begun, beating a relentless tattoo and adding to the anxious twist growing in my gut.

"It will be alright mum, you're doing the right thing," I forced a smile at my mother who caught my eye before turning her attention back to the road.

"I know honey, I just worry about you. Changing school halfway through the year, it's not ideal Hermione," I could hear the fatigue in her voice and for the first time I really noticed how drawn she

looked. She was a beautiful woman, her hair fell in light brown waves framing her fine features, she was slightly shorter than me and had a delicate frame that belied her strong character. A pang of guilt shot through me as I watched her holding herself together. It was all for me. I reached across and gently squeezed her hand on the steering wheel. Her warm, dark eyes crinkled as she gave me a small, tired smile.

In the end my parents' divorce had been amicable. Dad had kept the dental practice in London, buying out my mothers half. They had decided to sell the house and dad had moved into an apartment, probably some desperate attempt to reclaim his wasted younger years. Mum bought into a small dental practice back in the town where she'd grown up.

There was never any question about who I would live with.

I love my dad, and I know he loves me too but things aren't the same between us anymore. Both of my parents went to great lengths to tell me that the divorce was not my fault, that it was nothing I'd done, but I'm sixteen not six I know that the already volatile state of their marriage was put under further pressure because of me. Because of my condition.

I'm a good student, academically gifted is the term the teachers always use. They usually follow it with something about me being "a disruption in class", "possibly bored with the curriculum", or needing to "find a positive outlet for her excess energy".

When I was younger, it had been minor incidents. I remember once I had finished my colouring before all the other students. I'd just been trying to get Ms Faust's attention. If only she'd turned my way sooner I wouldn't have been so frustrated. I hadn't meant to do it but I couldn't help it. The energy surged through me as I wriggled in my seat, my hand desperately waving in the air. Every fluorescent light tube in the room glowed brighter as my exasperation grew, then they surged and exploded, showering me and my classmates in tiny shards of glass. Of course, that had been blamed on a power surge and a faulty circuit breaker but I knew, and my parents knew. They had seen similar things at home. A five year old who's tantrum resulted in every painting in the house melting. A three year old too excited on Christmas morning showing off her presents and accidentally levitating a terrified bunny three feet in the air. We never spoke about my condition but as I'd grown up, I'd hear their muffled arguments behind closed doors. My mothers calm voice trying to placate my increasingly withdrawn father. When I started high school mum enrolled me in a weekly yoga class to help me channel and control my energy, dad just grew more distant.

The yoga helped, it still helps. I practice every morning and every night and I've learned to control my temper and my excitement with disciplined breathing. The incidents have grown less frequent and I can generally recognize the situations that will bring on an attack. But no amount of breathing exercise had prepared me for the surge of energy that rushed through my body when Marcus Flint stuck his hand up my skirt at the end of school dance.

It was all instinct, when I tried to talk to mum about it later I couldn't explain how it had happened. One minute I was talking to Hannah Abbott, wondering if Adrian Pucey was going to ask me to dance

and giggling about her crush on Oliver Wood, the next I felt a calloused hand roughly grab my thigh and slide up to grip my backside. It was horrible; aggressive and demeaning. I couldn't explain how he had ended up on the other side of the room, pinned against the wall with two badly burned hands and a broken wrist.

It was the first time that I realized that my dad was scared of me. He had hugged me and told me I hadn't done anything wrong, that the boy had gotten what he deserved but as the days passed I saw the fear and uncertainty behind his eyes. I felt him withdraw and I felt the distance between us grow. I had never hurt anyone before, either on purpose or accidentally and this had changed everything. He didn't know how to behave around me anymore.

It wasn't just dad, my classmates started avoiding me too. I had never had many close friends, there'd always been something a little bit weird about me, nothing anyone could ever attribute to me, no specific incident or event, it was always just a coincidence that strange things happened around me. But the incident at the dance changed that. Hannah was right there, she saw everything and so did a handful of others. Suddenly I wasn't just a bit odd, I was unstable, unpredictable and dangerous.

Months passed and the crushing loneliness of being isolated amid a sea of people grew. My mum stood firmly by me, rocking me gently to sleep every night murmuring softly.

\_You are gifted honey bunny. You are strong. You have nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to be scared of. You are special. You are magical.\_

I shuffled in my seat, shifting my weight and sitting up a little straighter, the rain was easing and the green hills looked eerily bright; soaking wet and highlighted by the weak sun peeking through the breaking clouds. The farm houses and pasture land slowly turned to smaller plots of land, a stone church, then the more densely built centre of town. Pretty stone houses, neat gardens and wide footpaths. It had been eight years since I'd last been to Amesbury. We used to visit every Christmas when I was little, but when Nanna passed away, we'd stopped coming.

"It's simply magical out here," mum sighed as she slowed the car and turned left through the round-about that would take us home.

I turned at the impatient rustle from the back seat of the car.

"Crooks is awake. Do you think he's going to like it here?" I asked, turning around and reaching back to move the cat carrier slightly.

"He'll love it honey, country mice to chase, so much fresh air, he's going to be one happy cat,"

"Mmm," I pouted at my cat and pushed my fingers through the cage to rub his chin, "we'll see won't we Crookshanks?" I could feel his rumbling purr as he rubbed his big ginger head harder against my fingers.

Turning down a quiet street, the removal van was already there,

pulled up outside my Grandparents house; my mum's house now, my house. I used to love this house when I was little. It is set back from the street, behind a tall unkempt hedge, the red tiles of the roof and chimney just visible from the street. A large tree in the front yard overhangs the street, it's branches spread wide enough to reach up to the second story windows.

"Looks like Molly and her boys are here," mum pulled up and parked, "she said she'd come around to help us unload."

My stomach did a nervous flip as I scanned the group of red headed teenagers milling around on the footpath, shaking out their coats as the rain finally abated. I find reconnecting with people I used to know so much more daunting than meeting brand new people. So many expectations, so many preconceived notations. Molly Weasley and her family were a large part of my childhood Christmas memories, but I haven't seen any of them since I was eight.

I sat still for a moment and just watched my mum as she was bundled up into the all encompassing embrace of Molly Weasley, "Ohhhh, Jeannie! Jeannie, look at you! My goodness it's so good to see you Jean Timmins!" Short, round and full of warm energy, Molly Weasley hadn't changed a bit from my admittedly sepia-toned memories of her.

"Granger, Molly, it's Jean Granger now," watching the two women cling to each other tightly, the exhausted tears that had been threatening to spill finally rolled down my mother's cheeks and again the bottom dropped out from under me as the guilt came back full force.

"You'll always be little Jeannie Timmins to me," Molly hummed, "even without the braces and wild hair".

Turning away from the private moment, and trying to delay the inevitable awkward hugs and 'my haven't you grown' comments, I opened the back door to get Crookshanks out of the car. The carrier was heavy and clunked down roughly on the footpath, unlatching it I pulled a reluctant and grumpy Crookshanks out of his cosy nest, hoping to use him as some kind of feline shield.

"What is that?!" one of the red heads asked. He looked about 17 and came sauntering confidently toward me, his gangly frame hunched over to get a closer look at my cat.

"Looks like a pug crossed with a baby tiger!" said another, identical looking boy as he too made his way toward me.

These two I remember. It's difficult to forget the twins, when we were kids they were always the ones to take things one step too far, they were always in trouble and as a shy kid I was equal parts terrified and in awe of them.

"Little Hermione Granger, all grown up," one of them teased and flicked the long, dark braid that hung loosely over my shoulder.

"You'll have to remind me again, Fred? George? I always forget which one is the better looking," I smirked at him, honestly not remembering the last time I playfully bantered with anyone.

"The better looking one is Charlie, shame he couldn't make it," a wiry girl pushed past the two boys and gently pet Crookshanks in my arms. "It was much easier to tell them apart when Fred had a black eye, I've been thinking of permanently scaring one of them purely for the sake of convenience."

This had to be Ginny. She's only a year younger than me but my memories of her are mostly of her clinging shyly to her mothers leg and crying about the boys breaking her dolls.

"I don't really remember you, I'm sorry. I recognize you from the Christmas cards," Ginny shoved her hands into the back pockets of her jeans and shrugged.

"The boys keep telling me about how we all used to make mud pies together when we were little. I'm pretty sure that Ron has been dragging out that little fact to make sure that everyone knows he saw you first. Territorial pissing." Ginny rolled her eyes and gestured over her shoulder to where Ron was standing, leaned up against the delivery van, talking to the driver.

Ron Weasley.

I'd always thought I had a crush on Ron Weasley, the boy from out of town who none of my classmates in the city knew. Seeing him again, was completely surreal. Tall and broad shouldered, not the gangly boy with long legs and a permanently dirty face that I used to know. He looked completely at ease as he leaned down to stub out a cigarette on the sole of his boot and brushed his hands off on his low slung jeans.

"Alright boys! Ginny! Let's get moving! Plenty to unpack," Mrs Weasley's shrill voice cut my moment like a guillotine.

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><p>"Wow, I can't believe how quickly this has all been brought in!" my mum beamed at us as all collapsed onto the furniture haphazardly crowded into the lounge room.<p>

"Hermione love, why don't you take some linen up to your room and make your bed? If we unpack nothing else, at least you'll have a good night's sleep before school tomorrow," she didn't wait for a reply before tossing a bundle of sheets at me, "Molly and I will head out and get something for tea."

I blew a stray curl out of my eye and rolled off the couch as the front door closed behind them.

"I'll give you a hand 'Mione," Ron's low voice caught me by surprise. With the chaos and back and forth to the truck, we'd barely exchanged 'excuse me's' and 'no, after you's' all day. Not that I hadn't taken a few moments to steal looks at how his arms flexed when he carried boxes, or how his messy hair curled against his neck as he worked up a sweat.

I led the way up the wooden staircase, skipping the fourth step out of habit, and snickered when Ron didn't and it creaked loudly.

"Pop was always going to fix that, I guess that the Wendell's never

bothered fixing it when they lived here either," I shrugged and smiled over my shoulder at him.

"Guess not," Ron smirked at me and bounced on the step again.

"So the Wendell's were just renting this place?" Ron asked as we turned left and headed to the room that had always been mine.

"Yeah, mum and dad always intended to keep this place as a holiday house, but we never really got around to holidaying, and nowâ€¦"

And now what? Now we don't pretend to play happy families any more? Now we're yet another divorced family? I left the sentence hanging.

"Well, now you're home," Ron said with a gentle smile as he pushed the door of my bedroom open and moved to the large window, shoving the pane up and open.

"Let some air in, but I'd close this at night. Anyone could climb that tree and just stroll right in here," he peered out the window and squinted off into the distance.

"Huh, you can see right across town from here, I didn't realize this place was set up so high," Ron mused.

"That's why I always claimed this room, I love looking out across town." I dumped the clean sheets down on the desk and began pulling the pillows off the bed.

"I used to make up stories about the big house on the hill, way over town. Of course they all ended with me marrying the handsome prince who lived there," I curtsied theatrically and threw the sheet out across the bed and began tucking it in.

Ron muttered under his breath as he moved to the other side of the bed and helped tuck it in.

I wonder what that's about? My face must have given away my unasked question as Ron just shook his head and laughed again. We finished making the bed in companionable silence and began to head back downstairs to the others.

"I'm glad you're here, back I mean, for good," Ron stopped at the top of the stairs and kneaded the back of his neck awkwardly with his hand. I noticed again how tall he'd gotten, his dark ginger hair was messy and his blue eyes sparkled in the dying light of the afternoon.

"Yeah, me too. I think it's going to be good," I replied honestly, "so what's school like?"

"Um, you're going to St Catherine's yeah?" Ron asked awkwardly and I nodded in reply.

"Yeah, we go to St Brutus'," he said.

"Oh," I was crestfallen, the idea of having a few friends at school was a comfort I didn't realize I wanted until I suddenly didn't have it.

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><p>"Hermione love, your mum tells me you'll be going to St Catherine's," Molly said as we sat for dinner, I just nodded and smiled weakly around a mouthful of pizza.<p>

"We ran into Mr Black in town, his boys go to St Catherine's too, I'm sure they'll help you settle in, lovely boys" Molly hummed and Ginny choked on her pizza, coughing loudly.

"Careful there Gin, don't want to draw attention to yourself," Fred thumped her back enthusiastically and her other brothers laughed loudly.

"Now what would cause that reaction, I wonder?" George tapped his chin thoughtfully.

"Shove it George," spat Ginny, gulping her water.

"Ginny please! Settle down boys," Molly chided them all.

"Oh, it's cute mum, young love," Fred baited and deftly ducked a well aimed pizza crust from Ginny which whizzed past his ear.

"Fred, what did I say? Harry's a lovely boy and Ginny needn't be embarrassed." Molly declared.

"Harry's great, we like Harry," Fred agreed.

"Shame about the other one," George added.

"Right prat," murmured Ron.

"Boys! How many times do we need to go over this? Honestly I feel like I spend my life defending the poor lad. Sirius has enough on his plate without having his boy be the target of you lot" Molly shook her head solemnly while mum and I watched the argument bounce back and forth across the dinner table like a morbid tennis match.

"I remember Sirius Black from school, I have to say, I never imagined him having kids," my mum's eyes glazed over a bit at the fuzzy memory, "So Ginny, tell me about this Harry Black? If he's anything like his father, I can only imagineâ€¦" mum's voice faded off as she smiled wistfully.

"Potter," Ginny replied, "he goes by Potter, his parents name, Mr Black adopted him when they died but they never changed his name." Ginny shrugged as she pushed around the remnants of her pizza crust.

"And who's the other one?" I asked with interest.

All three Weasley boys started talking at once, and I couldn't really catch more than scattered words, "bloody prat", "blonde nightmare", "albino ferret", "pretty boy, devil spawn". Ginny rolled her eyes again and Molly pushed back from the table and began clearing up.

"You'll know him when you see him," Ginny whispered conspiratorially,

"he has a presence," she said cryptically.

"Alright Weasleys, time to head off. I'm sure these two are exhausted," Molly gave my mum a hug and began ushering everyone through to the front door.

"We should catch up this weekend in town," Ginny said as she left, "I'll come by on Saturday morning and we can walk to Olivander's for coffee," she called back over her shoulder as her mother shooed her out the door.

"See you around 'Mione," Ron added in a low voice as he walked by me.

"Yeah, see you 'Mione," the twins chorused together as they shouldered their brother and shoved him through the front door.

Mum slung an arm around my shoulders and we waved as the Weasley's van disappeared down the street. I leaned into her familiar embrace and let myself exhale, enjoying the release of pressure. The day had been exhausting. The past year had been exhausting and it was only now that I felt able to genuinely relax.

"I know it's not even day one, and I'm loathe to jinx this butâ€¦" mum began.

"Me too mum, I think this is going to be great," I hugged her around the waist and we both headed back inside.

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><p>Author's Note: I hope you like this one. I was thinking about a Harry Potter Twilight crossover, but without the actual crossover, just some story parallels. What would happen if a character moved to a new town only to discover that magic is real? There are a few (not so subtle) references, but hopefully it works. T.H.

End  
file.